So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earely in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy Miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.

Enter the Ghoſt of prince Ed. Son to Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to K. Ric. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire therfore and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules

Of

Of butchered Princes fight in thy
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* comf

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry

Ghoſt to K. Ri. When I was mortal
By thee was punched full of hole
Thinke on the Tower, and me: d
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire a
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhou
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe,

Enter the Ghoſt of C

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie on th
I that was waſht to death with ful
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betra
To morrow in the battell thinke
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſp
To Rich. Thou off-ſpring of th
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do
Good Angels guard thy battell, l

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers,

Riu. Let me ſit heauie on thy
Riuers that died at *Pomfret*, diſpa
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaugha*
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke ou
Will conquer him, awake and wi

Enter the Ghoſt of L. H

Ghoſt. Bloody and guiltie, gu
And in a bloody battell end thy
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings*, diſpai
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled ſ
Arme, fight and conquer for fai

Enter the Ghoſts of two yo

Ghoſt to *K. R.* Dreame on thy
Let vs be laid within thy boſom
And weigh the downe to ruine, ſ
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* ſleepe in

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